THE

Experienced Christian's Magazine.

For SEPTEMBER, 1805.

PORTRAIT OF THE REV. RICHARD IVY.

RICHARD IVY was a native of Virginia: his first course of life was according to his depraved nature, and the customs of the country in which he lived. When about eighteen he was awakened to a sight of his sin, through the instrumentality of that catholic, evangelic and pious servant of God, the Rev. Mr. Jarret, who, by the thunders of the law, and the consolation of the gospel, applied by the Holy Spirit, was the means of stirring up and comforting many where he labored. His sermons are read with pleasure and profit by many experienced christians at this day. Though dead, yet he speaketh.

Ivy sought the Lord by prayer, by reading, by meditation and by hearing. It pleased the Lord, after a deep and powerful law work in his heart, to give him the knowledge of salvation by forgiving his sins: Sweet peace was placed in his soul, when this scripture was applied—"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." God gave him to see that he was born from above, and that the whole world lay in wickedness. A principal of love to mankind, pushed him forward to exhort his acquaintance to seek the Lord while he may be found, and to call upon him while he is near. His desires grew daily for the increase of the Redeemer's kingdom. The solemnity of the man of seventy was seen in him; so mighty did the grace of God work in him both to will and to do. In meetings for prayer he was blessed in his own soul, and others were witnesses

that God had given him a measure of his grace to profit them who heard him; but he was cautious in his attempt, always consulting age and experience, moving only as he was moved by Providence, or by some of God's ambassadors.

He was introduced into the world as a preacher by the opening of Providence. There was notice given for preaching by a preacher from England, at a place where a great number of people assembled. The preacher fell sick, and the congregation had like to have been disappointed. The preacher sent Richard to pray for them, if nothing more, (the word of God being precious in those days.) The people were looking for the minister with longing expectation; but behold, to their grief, they heard that he was sick, and that Ivy had come to let them know it, and sing and pray, some of the most pious were tempted to despise him because of his youth: but he went forward to the stand, and fell on his knees before the congregation with streaming eyes. He stood without uttering a word for some minutes, till all prejudice was turned into pity. The pious began to pray for him, and his mouth was opened to speak and shew forth the power of God! This he did in such a manner as to cause the people to say it was good to be disappointed. This was his inaugural sermon. He began in a fervency of spirit which never evaporated till it carried his spirit to God who gave it.

He began then to preach and testify to the Virginians, that Jesus was the Son of God, and that there was no other name given, whereby they could be saved. Some believed and received Christ as their Lord; while others preferred their pleasures to all that Christ had to give them, and continued in their former wickedness. But grace abounded in Richard's heart—he continued the same. He was sent to Carolina, and from thence to Maryland, in both of which places he was successful in awakening many, and had his grace powerfully tried by false preachers; but his bow abode in strength—his fervency of spirit abated not—he still continued alive to God, and zealous for the cause of his God, who hid him in his pavilion from the strife of tongues. From Maryland he was sent to Jersey, where many now alive can testify that he was a messenger

of God to them, to their great comfort in Christ Jesus. He was a means of stirring up a minister who got discouraged, and was keeping store instead of preaching. But he was moved to see the success of this American youth, not as some are to envy and hatred, but to draw his bow in the cause of his Christ. Once more his own soul revived as the corn, and he had thousands to hear him, who, had it not have been for Ivy, might have spent all his days in measuring salt, &c. and making out bills of parcels.

After the late war between Britain and America, ceased, he was ordained one of the first elders in the Evangelical Church of America; but there was no abatement of his zeal, no declining into a popular monotomy; but turn or burn, repent or perish—be converted or you must be damned, was still his theme to the wicked. He turned to the South again, and travelled the sickly woods of Carolina and Georgia. More afraid of the death of men's souls from the contagion of sin, than the death of his own body from pestilential affluvia, he renounced ease and embraced toil—he renounced wealth and embraced poverty—he explored new countries, where he might have turned pence into eagles, if he had speculated as he might have done in the infant state of this our rising country; but, like the apostle of the latter days, he could say—

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man.
I lodge awhile in tents below,
And gladly wander to and fro
Till I my canaan gain.

He began his ministerial labors in the year 1777, and continued daily to preach till the year 1795. He was entirely devoted to Christ's interest, and was exceedingly successful wherever he went in awakening many careless sinners. He was honored with a triumphant death; for he that honoreth the Lord, him will the Lord honor, and their latter end shall be glorious. Amen, Hallelujah!

ON THE SOUL OF MAN.

(Continued and concluded from page 101.*)*

THE soul of man is the care of Angels, and in their account it must be of great value; for though they are the crown and top of all the creation of God, and do by their perfection, border nearest upon him, yet such is their opinion of the souls of men, that they think it no disparagement to converse with them and minister to them; but from the beginning of the world till now, have been always ready to keep a correspondence with them; and so far as they are permitted by the laws of the invisible world, they are ready to stretch forth a helping hand in all their time of need; they disdain not to be the life-guards of precious souls; to pitch their tents round about them, *Psalm* xxxiv. 8. And interpose between them and danger—to prompt to duty, to comfort them in sorrow. They are said to be "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation."

Of such importance is the life of souls, to the angels of God, that they discover the most ravishing pleasure at the recovery of one from the power of its enemy. And whenever such a soul has left the body, those blessed spirits stand ready to guard and conduct it to those mansions where it is to live till the resurrection of the body, *Luke* xvi. 22.

Surely if these immortal spirits within us, were not unspeakably precious, those angelical beings who have always the most sublime and ravishing object before them, to employ and entertain their faculties, would have never thought it worth while to be so zealous for their well being. Therefore, said the Saviour of precious souls, Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do alway behold the face of my Father who is in heaven, that is do not set light by any soul; for how mean soever some of them may appear they are under the guardianship of those blessed Angels of God, which do always attend upon God's majestic presence.

Devils themselves may be said to discover the great worth of the soul of man; for ever since those malignant

spirits, through their own pride and ambition, revolted from God, and conspired to make war with heaven, the constant drift of all their designs and actions has been to seduce and ruin souls, knowing that of all the beings that were within the reach of their power, there were none so dear to God as these, and that by seducing them from *him*, they would do *him* the greatest spite and spoilation possible; for doubtless were there any beings below the moon, more dear to God than these, they would bend their force and malice against, them; but because of all others, these are the noblest and best worth the ruining; therefore do these malignant spirits turn all their attention on their destruction. How ambitious they are of training up souls to fight against God, is evident by the many snares and stratagems they contrive to keep them ignorant of their great worth, and surprise them that are careless, and cheat them with disguised suggestions; to instruct their humors to apply themselves to their interest as it might appear at first sight, and to suit their tempers with covert temptations. St. Peter tells us that Satan goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

We may be very safe in asserting, that those malignant spirits would never be so impertinently mischievous as to spend their time in ca ching flies; and did they not know our souls to be precious, they would never go about as they do, nor take such pains as they do to ensnare them. So that from their unwearied diligence to seduce and ruin us, we may conclude that the devils are very foolish, or that our souls are very precious.

We see at what a vast rate our souls are valued by the whole world of spirits; how from the highest to the lowest, those best and wisest judges of the just worth of souls, do all concur in a great and high estimation, so that whether we value them by their own natural capacity, or by the estimation of those who are best able to judge of their worth and excellency, we have abundant reason to conclude them most precious and inestimable beings. But how little is this considered in the world. That which should be first is commonly thought of last. The body is fed and clothed, and great care taken of it, while the soul is perishing in nakedness. We see and hear of instances of this every day, to move us to have compassion on the

ignorant, and to contribute towards the enlightning of souls, and to have those in high estimation who labour for the good of souls. I brought you as it were to the death-bed of an ignorant man, with a benighted soul, catching at a straw in his last moments, striving to deliver his soul from death, by repeating G o u d. Ye enlightened pity them, pray for them, and if in your power, send them help; they live near you, under your roof, they are always with you who want this kind of charity. Remember he or she who converteth a soul from the error of his ways, shall shine as a star in the heavens forever.

REDEMPTION FROM A VAIN CONVERSATION.

I. Pet. i. 18, 19—*Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.*

THE Christian duty is by no means easy to be performed. It requires the exercise of much firmness and self-denial. The inspired writers aware of this, enforce it by every consideration that can influence our minds. In the passage before us the apostle is recommending an holy fear and jealousy, lest we should be drawn back into the love of this present world. He first urges this duty from a regard to the impartial tribunal of God: "And if ye call on the Father, who without respect of persons judgeth according to every man's work, pass the time of your sojourning" on earth, "with fear." In the words of our text, he urges it from the very intent of Christ's death.—"Seeing that ye know, &c." This latter and most powerful argument, calls for our attention at this time. When did we need it more than now? It is now that the love of many has waxen cold, and their conversation become vain. To illustrate this argument, we shall consider

First, The extent of man's redemption.

1. The conversation of men in all ages and in all places has been the same. Different customs, indeed, have ob-

tained in different countries; but all have walked after the imagination of their own hearts. They have prohibed such things as they thought injurious to the welfare of society, but left themselves at liberty to consult their own inclinations in every thing else. Their practices in time formed a kind of law. What was sanctioned by one generation, was followed by another; and the "conversation received by tradition from their fathers," was that which was adopted by every succeeding age.

2. It is almost superfluous to observe that such conversation has been "vain." Let any one ask himself, What has my past conversation profited me? Has it given him one solid satisfaction? No: the remembrance thereof can not at all assuage the anguish of a mind bowed down with affliction; much less of a mind burthened with a sense of guilt. Has it brought honour to God, or any real benefit to mankind? It has been the means of almost shutting out the knowledge of God from the world; but has never honored him, in any single instance: and as for mankind, if it has in any respect advanced their temporal interests, it has blinded their eyes, and hardened their hearts, and encouraged them to walk in the broad way which leadeth to destruction.

3. From this conversation the true christian has been redeemed. It is not from misery only that the christian is redeemed, but from sin. From *sin the forerunner* of misery. He once, indeed, "walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the sons of disobedience, in the desires of the flesh, doing the will of the flesh and the mind, and was by nature a child of wrath even as others." But now he has seen the vanity of such a life; He proposes to himself another pattern, even Jesus, "who hath set us an example, that we should follow his steps." He is no longer "conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of his mind." By the cross of Christ the world is become loathsome to him, even as a crucified object. While he is in this world, he performs the several duties thereof in a consciencious manner; but he goes into the cares and duties of this world, only as a physician goes into an hospital, from a sense of duty, and for the good of others; and is glad

enough to retire from it to a purer atmosphere. Hence he keeps continually before his eyes—

Secondly, The price paid for his redemption.

1. Slaves and captives are redeemed with silver and gold; but gold was of no value in the redemption of our souls. A small sum of money has been deemed sufficient to ransom our brethren from their captivity in Tripoli; but the whole world was not a sufficient price for one soul; it could not atone for our sin, or reconcile an offended God: nor could it all avail to change our carnal dispositions. Gold and silver might rivit our chains, and fix us more strongly in a vain conversation, but it could never detach us from the love of present things.

2. Nor can the sacrifice of masses in which it is said that the priest doth offer Christ;—nor could the sacrifices offered according to the Mosaic ritual, ever atone for one sin. The sacrifices offered according to law were without virtue, and unavailing, only as they derived their efficacy from their antitype.

3. That, which alone was of value sufficient, was "the precious blood of Christ." The typical lamb which was offered daily in sacrifice unto God, was to be spotless and without blemish. By its blood atonement was made for the sins of the Jewish nation, and they were to have been preserved a peculiar and holy people. This being a typical ordinance, represented Christ, who in due time "offered himself without spot to God," and the benefits visibly, and in a figure, enjoyed by the Jewish nation, are invisibly, but really, enjoyed by us.

We have the substance of which they had the shadow. Well then might the apostle call his blood "precious." There is no bondage from which it does not deliver us. Were we under the curse and condemnation of the law? The blood of Christ redeems us from the penalty of all our transgressions. It gives peace to the guilty, and liberty to the captive soul. It frees, moreover, from all the snares and entanglements of this vain world. This is mentioned both in the text and in other parts of scripture, as a principal end of Christ's death. Precious indeed is it, when its influence is thus felt. To a true christian the blood of Christ is not less precious as delivering him from sin, than it is, as delivering him from hell itself. While

we wonder that such a price was ever paid, let us inquire into.

Thirdly, The effect which the consideration of this price should have upon us.

1. The appostle introduces the text as an argument for passing our time in fear; not in slavish fear, for that has torment. And a slavish fear is one of those things from which we are delivered by the blood of Christ. Our hearts being spiritualized by the blood of Christ, we have no dread of the destroying angel.

But there is an holy jealousy, which it is our duty ever to maintain. We are only sojourners in this world, and are hastening to our Father's house. We are ever in danger of being diverted from our path. We have a subtle adversary, and a deceitful heart. Sin itself also is deceitful, and will beguile us, if we watch not against its wiles. We should therefore be on our guard, and pass the time of our sojourneying here in fear. Thus we may "fear God, and give glory unto him, for ever and ever."

2. And well may this effect be produced by such a wonderful consideration. Were we laden with bags of gold, we should be cautious how we ventured ourselves among thieves and robbers. And should we be careless when we carry about with us what is of more value than the whole world? Shall we trifle with that which nothing but the precious blood of God's own Son could redeem? Shall satan as a roaring lion go about seeking to devour us, and we not stand on our guard against him? Shall we suffer him "to destroy that for which Christ died?" O let not that precious blood be so vile in our eyes. Let not our souls appear of so little value. Let us rather watch night and day. It is but a little time: soon we shall be at home, safe in the bosom of our Lord; safe beyond the reach of harm.

Let us inquire what we "*know*" concerning these things. The apostle takes for granted that all christians "*know*" them. But do we *know* them? Do we know that a worldly conversation is a *vain* conversation? Do we know that no resolutions, no services, yea, nothing but the precious blood of Christ could ever redeem us from it? And do we know by daily experience the efficacy of his blood in that view? Come, let us examine ourselves.

Are we indeed in the Faith? "Have we received the atonement?" Have we "put on Christ?" Have we that deadness to the world, which alone can warrant a favorable conclusion? If we are Christ's, we are "not of the world, even as he was not of the world;" but "are dead to it, and have our conversation in heaven."

Let us labor to experience this more and more. For there is something very facinating in the temptations of the world. Its pleasures, riches, or honors, are but too apt to draw us aside. But whenever we are tempted, let us ask ourselves, "Shall we return to the bondage from which we have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ? Shall we trample under foot the Son of God, and crucify him afresh? Shall we count the blood of the covenant, whereby we are sanctified, an unholy thing, and do despite to the Spirit of Grace, in order to the gratification of our base desires?" Surely such reflection will not fail to animate our resolution, and to keep us at a distance from those scenes of vanity, where our stedfastness would be endangered. Let us live as citizens of a better country, and "no more fashion ourselves according to our former lusts in our ignorance." Let us drink of purer pleasures, even of that "river, the streams whereof gladden the city of God." Thus, experiencing the *full* benefits of redeeming love on earth, we shall, e'er long, sing its praises in heaven for evermore.

We add a few words for the consideration of the careless sinner. It is but too evident that they who live in the neglect of God and their own souls, know little of the evil and malignity of sin. Blinded by the God of this world, they pursue a foolish and sinful way of life, ever indulging "a vain conversation." Their "understanding being darkened," they are various, uncertain, and often foolish "in their reasoning." "Professing to be wise, they become fools." Yet for these the Son of God left the bosom of his Father. And having assumed our nature, he atoned for their sins. Let them go to Gethsemane, and behold him bathed in a bloody sweat, through the agonies of his soul. Let them follow him to Calvary, and hear him crying in the depths of dereliction, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Let them view him expiring under the curse and condemnation of

the law. And then let them judge, whether sin be so light and venial an evil as they have imagined! Let them bethink themselves, "if such things were done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Let them behold him "whom they have pierced;" yea, whom they are daily "crucifying afresh," and mourn. Let them know that what he has suffered was for them; and that, if they be only willing to humble themselves for their iniquities, the benefits of his death shall extend unto them. No sight under heaven can be so welcome to a contrite soul, as the sight of Jesus dying in the place of sinners. He was designed to be "a propitiation for the sins of the whole world." And is there such malignity in the sins of any individual, that there is not sufficiency in his blood to atone for them. And surely "he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." How wonderful must be the efficacy of the blood of Christ? Let only *one* man's sins be set forth, and they will be found numberless as the sands upon the sea shore: yet the blood of Christ can cleanse, not him only, but a whole world of sinners, yea, all who have ever existed these six thousand years, or shall ever exist to the end of time. Moreover, his one offering can cleanse them, not only from sins of ignorance, but even from presumptuous sins, for which no remedy was appointed by the laws of Moses. What an interesting view does this give us of the death of Christ! O that we could realize it in our minds, just as the offender under the law realized the substitution of the animal which he presented to the priest to be offered in his stead! Then should we have a just apprehension of his dignity, and a becoming sense of his love. Let us then carry to him our crimson sins, not doubting but that they shall be purged away. And we may rest assured that, in a little time, we shall join the heavenly choir in singing—"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Amen. Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, forevermore. Amen.

Friend to the Experienced Christian.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE *EXPERIENCE AND DEATH OF* CHARLOTTE S. DODD.

SHE was the daughter of David and Catharine Stout—was born near Spotswood, state of New-Jersey. From a child she was remarked for her evenness of temper; never overjoyed, nor soon cast down; was never known to speak unbecoming to her parents, nor took their reproofs unkind. She came to New-York when about eighteen years of age, and for a while wrought at the mantuamaking. She was subject to a cramp in the stomach, which often attacked her with such violence as to cause her life to be despaired of; but no signs of repentance were seen in her. She still passed on in that cheerful good-natured way, though she seemed to prefer the company of religious people, delighted to hear them talk, and read good books, and she was respected by them. In the twenty-third year of her age she became the consort of Mr. E. Dodd. A few days after, she took a great cold, which fell upon her lungs. She was in this way for more than a year before she gave up to take her room. During that time she went home to her parents. No one thought she would ever return to New-York. She one day said to her mother how just it was that she should be afflicted. In this time she was a pattern of patience. At the end of four months she returned to New-York. She never expected to get better, though she still had a desire to live longer. She ventured out to church, but was taken very ill at church, and was brought home in a carriage. Every symtom of her complaint increased—she declined very fast. In November she told her friends she expected to die in March. She still had a great flow of spirits. A murmuring word was not heard from her. She spent the winter in reading the bible whenever she could set up, and sometimes would have it in her bed. She was visited by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson. He found good encouragement in talking to her. He often called to see her, and pray with her. She was often seen to be in deep meditation. The last of February she ordered her burying cap made; when it was done, and brought to her, she looked

at it without any apparent sorrow. In March she seemed to get better, and walk about, and thought that perhaps she might get well; but on the twentieth day of March she was taken with fainting, and that day she found the Lord precious to her soul, and that he had forgiven all her sins. She said to her sister and some of her friends—"O! if you were on such a bed as I am, you would never want to get off of it." She then repeated these words—

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
"Feel soft as downy pillows are."

She sent for the clergyman who had often talked to her, and prayed for her during the winter, who after conversing with her, said he never saw so happy a person except one. From that time she spoke of the goodness of God, and often of the danger and ingratitude of putting off the great work of repentance.

The 24th she sat up two hours, and talked with them of her dissolution. On their weeping, she said, "Mourn not for me, but for yourselves." She observed how kind her sovereign was to her, that she had never suffered one day for her sins, but said she waited to suffer. Her friends asked her if she had not rather live than die. She said she had rather go than stay, if she had her will, for she had no children to leave behind, and possibly there might be some snare laid for her soul if she was to live. The Lord's time is the best. Her greatest grief was, that she had neglected the service of the Lord till he saw fit to afflict her. She again warned her friends of that evil, and told them it might be the Lord would not be so kind to them as he had been to her, and she wished to say more for Jesus, but felt ashamed, because she neglected him when she had health.

Her father and mother came to see her. She told them of the great mercy of God in Christ Jesus. As she was addressing them, she steadily fixed her eyes upward, her mother thought she was going into a fit, and asked her what made her look so steady at one place. She replied—"Because I see my Saviour as suffering for me: he shews me his hand and his side, and tells me he suffered this for me."

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday before Easter Sunday she was under great temptation. Saturday night she was so ill that we did not expect she would live till morning. She seemed to revive before day. In the morning she complained because she could not go to church with her father and mother, but comforted herself that she might meet Christ at home. About eleven o'clock she said to her company—"What beautiful star is that? (pointing up) That star is to light me when my Saviour sees fit to take me home. He tells me I must stay a few weeks longer, and that he will give me patience to warn my acquaintance and relation to flee from the wrath to come, and that I must be no longer ashamed of him and his word, and he will not be ashamed of me in his Father's kingdom."

From that time her voice was strengthened to sing, and to exhort every one who came to see her. If any were at the door and she knew it, she would not rest till they come in, that she might warn them to flee from the wrath to come. Her peace was like a river; her confidence could not be shaken. She had the Lord's Suppper administered to her by the Rev. Dr. Beach. She was happy in the Lord, and told them who communed with her, it would be but a little while before they would meet in glory.

A few days before she died, an acquaintance whom she had not seen since her espousal to Christ, came and asked her how she did: she replied "Very weak and very strong." The night before she died, she asked a friend to read for her—she read the 15th chapter of St. John. She desired it read a second time, and then talked to her company to prepare to follow her!

A few minutes before she died, she bid her husband farewell—repeated a few verses of a psalm—told her husband to turn her over, and she would go to sleep.

On the 21st day of May, 1805, the signal was given—The tie was loosed from all below, she followed the captain of her salvation, in the 25th year of her age.

O Jesus! lead on thy militant care;
And give us the crown of righteousness there:
Where, dazzled with glory, the seraphims gaze
Or prostrate adore thee, in silence of praise.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE *INCREASE of CHRIST's KINGDOM in CANADA,*

In a letter from the Rev. JOSEPH SAWYER, to the Rev. JOSEPH JEWELL.

Niagara Falls, September 22, 1801.

DEAR BROTHER,

AT your request I would inform you a little more particular concerning the progress of religion on this circuit, through the first six months after I came here, which I had no intention of publishing till I saw you at the head of Lake Ontario, where you advised me so to do. From a memorandum that I kept of the most genuine work that was visible to many witnesses, I shall give you a short, though imperfect account.

From my first taking the circuit, which was September 1, 1800, I found a general declension of religion, except at Stoney Creek, a large settlement that had been indulged with regular preaching for five years past without any visible good: but during the absence of brother C——, who went out to conference, several of them that were sinners began to reflect upon the mercies and privileges they had abused. This considered, it wrought in them a cry what they should do to be saved. And this became general, yea, before I came and after I came to them, I could ask in praises to God; who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows. So, from upwards of twenty in numbers when I first met them, there are now upwards of seventy in this place that have received the knowledge of the truth. But glory to God, the Father of the spirits of all flesh and colors of men; the most affecting sight here was at a prayer-meeting we held after preaching. Two young people, who were in deep distress, besought us, weeping bitterly, to pray for them: we did so, and it was not in vain. Two Indians standing by, seeing and hearing them praise God, were much affected, and while the tears trickled down their red faces, they asked us in a bashful manner to pray for them; and kneeling before the Lord, considering their heathenish darkness, and seeing their penitence, we felt spirited to travail in soul for them. The power of faith was given, and the spirit

of God distilled as refreshing as the morning dew. One of them professed to find pardon, and said "I am happy," which was proved by a life of piety. For sometime another, one of the savages of the six nations, a son of a Mississague chief, had received the spirit of adoption. He came to me desiring baptism. I baptised him, and gave him a christian name, after which he refused to go naked like the other Indians, but wished to be clothed like christians. I anticipated at this time Christ's glorious kingdom extending to the Heathens for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; and that the time would shortly come, when these wild western natives would be partakers of his resurrection.

With delight I went round the circuit, believing my appointment was ordered by the Lord. But what added to my consolation, was the kind reception that I met with by the brethren, their ardent and united prayers for me, and for a revival to take place; through their prayers my bow abode in strength.

After the November quarterly meeting, the prospect was good and great of a harvest of souls. At Beverdam two joined, and many more were seeking the Lord with contrite hearts. I held meeting every day till the Sabbath, in which time twelve wished to join the church, and as many more I trust found peace. I then made my way back to the head of the Lake, where on Saturday I met you returning from Long Point. You preached on my Sabbath morning's appointment at Measter, where I stayed to hear you, and rode to my appointment at Barton, where a number where congregated to hear. At the close of our meeting, an enemy of religion began to bewail her opposition to a kind husband. She cried —"God be merciful—christians forgive and pray for me;" which raised no small displeasure in the minds of many against the noise they heard. One, who appeared lady-like, seeing others run from the place, attempted to follow their example, but at the door fell and was helpless. Others that fled observing this, returned and heard me close my discourse. At this meeting one was heavy ladened with sin, another was freed from its burden, and a third joined the church.

The Friday following was Christmas; a goodly number attended the appointment, and that word that was made flesh was quick and powerful among us, and we beheld and felt his glory in us, the glory as from the only begotten of the Father, who is full of grace and truth: and of his fulness many received some convicting, some justifying, and others fulness of grace. This day myself, with many others sung glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will towards men. Thus in passing through the three days before I met you on Thursday, at Stoney Creek, eleven came forward and owned themselves to be the Lord's.

This day is the beginning of a new year. You preached at my appointment, when ten wished to subscribe with their hands, and sirname themselves Israel. My soul magnifies that truth—Lo! I am with you to the ends of the earth.

I never saw a more happy fruitful new-year: Lord may its end be as its beginning. After I parted with you, I followed my theme from place to place—salvation, happiness and heaven. At a meeting at the Thirty Mile Creek, the effects of divine grace were seen and felt by many. After preaching, there was liberty for all to stay in that wished, and but few left the room. During the exercise a loud cry arose from a person who had once known the pardoning love of God, but for three years has been bound by the chains of sin. This night proved deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that were bound. I thought there was the greatest harmony—every one was drinking or striving to drink out of one fountain, in which there is enough for all.

At another meeting on the shores of Lake Ontario, where the people crowded to hear, he that taught the people by the Lake of Genessaret was present in power, and inclined the hearts of nine to receive him as their Saviour, and make his word the rule of their conduct, four of whom obtained the witness of his spirit.

Our opposition has not been greater than could be expected from such a general move. Our enemies, like the heathens of old, are constrained to say, "The Lord hath done great things for us; he has turned our captivity as the streams of the south." They that sow in tears, shall

reap in joy. And this is joy to me, that one hundred and twenty have been added to the societies in three months. My heart is filled with gladness. My wish is to breathe the spirit of a true and faithful missionary. I see that my burden rises in proportion to my honors. Lord give grace that I may live to Christ, as well as preach him. Lord save my own soul and the souls of them that hear me.

I subscribe myself, dear brother,

Yours affectionately,

JOSEPH SAWYER.

To the Rev. J. JEWEL.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE *SICKNESS, EXPERIENCE AND DEATH* OF Mrs. CISCO, Late of New-York.

SARAH CISCO, the daughter of Lewis and Susanna Hadden, was born January 22d, 1774, in New-Rochelle town, state of New-York. Her father dying before she was born, she was obliged, like many other orphan children, to go out to service when she was quite young.—When she was about twenty-two years of age, she came to live in the city of New-York; and being of a lively disposition, she soon became exceedingly fond of the fashionable follies for which the city is so well noted. At the age of twenty-seven was married to Mr. Cisco, to whom she proved an agreeable and industrious companion.

But alas! their mutual happiness was of but short duration. It pleased the Lord to purify her in the furnace of severe affliction, and then to take her to himself.

About the middle of October she was taken with a severe pain in her breast, which lasted several hours, and in the course of a fortnight it returned several times, till on Saturday, November 6, in the morning she began to be blind, and toward night she could scarcely discern any thing, at which time she was taken with fits, and through the course of that night and the next day, she had up-

wards of twenty very severe ones, during which time she was delivered of a daughter, being all the time deprived of her senses. She then began to recover her reason; and in two or three days she could speak and discover objects, and through the whole of the following week appeared to be getting better: But on the eighteenth day she was visited with a severe pain in her side, which continued till Friday the nineteenth at night, when it suddenly left her: she therefore flattered herself that she was much better. Through the whole of that night she appeared cheerful, and related several anecdotes which she had experienced in her younger years.

On Saturday morning she desired her mother to get some clean clothes and put on her, which her mother refusing to do, she asked for her child, which being brought her by her sister, she made several attempts to fix it to her breast, but not being able to effect it, on account of her weakness, she pronounced a blessing on it, and desired her sister to take it away; after which she lay still for a few minutes, when on a sudden she cried out "Lord have mercy on me." Her mother, startled at what she said, turned to her, and asked what was the matter; she replied "I am dying;" and immediately began to entreat the Lord to have mercy on her soul.

It appears that she told her husband at the time they were married, that she should not live a year longer; and some months previous to her death she appeared very serious, and was sometimes found in tears, but told no one the cause thereof.

While she lay very ill, and her case appeared doubtful, her friends persuaded her to look to the Lord by prayer, for he alone was able, and always willing to forgive the sins of the truly penitent; to which she replied that her heart was lifted to the Lord. So that although she appeared to be thinking and preparing for her end, still she spoke but little about it, till the morning before she died, at which time she appeared to be in deep distress of mind. Several of the neighbours coming in, some of them went to prayer with her, and so much was she engaged, that her voice was heard as loud as theirs. But the Lord was soon pleased to turn her mourning into joy; for after two or three hours thus spent in prayer and supplication, she be-

gan to rejoice and praise the Lord, declaring that he had forgiven her sins—expressed great willingness to die, and longed for the time of her departure to come. She was willing to leave the world behind her, and all that troubled her was the leaving her infant child, which she recommended to the care of her mother, desiring her to take the charge thereof; but her mother telling her it was not in her power to bring it up, her sister comforted her by promising that she would act the part of a mother toward the infant, as far as she was able. She then appeared perfectly composed, except that she wished to be gone to rest.

She spent the remainder of her time in praising God for his mercy to her, and praying for her deliverance from this body of sin: her words were nearly these—"Glory to thee, blessed Jesus!"—and "Come, Lord, come!" Her voice grew weaker and weaker, and when she could no more be heard to speak, her lips were seen to move, till the spirit forsook the clay, which was about half past one o'clock in the afternoon, November 21, 1801.

S ince all are hastening to their mother earth,
A nd bound unto that country, from whose bourne
R eturns no traveller; let us prepare,
A nd trim our lamps, replenish them with oil:
H ow soon, we know not, sounds the bridegroom's trump.

C ontinual time, with its revolving wheel
I nto eternity all nations turns;
S ubjecting every rank, and age, and sex:
C rowds springing into life urge crowds to death:
O n mortal life depends immortal bliss.

P. B.

THE FRUITS OF SANCTIFICATION.

An Extract from Ambrose's Media, *in time of reproaches negatively and possitively.*

WE must not bear reproaches stoically insensibly, for in some sense they are afflictions. *A good name is better than precious ointment.* A good name is rather to be cho-

sen than great riches. We must not bear them desperately, as many desperate wretches do, who usually say, "Let men speak the worst of me, I don't care, I appeal to God." Though it be true that innocency is a good bulwark, and a good conscience is a brazen wall, yet we are not only to care to approve ourselves unto God, but to men also. We are to provide things honest before all men, especially among the people of God. We must not carry ourselves passionately under reproaches. There are many evils which follow upon this distemper of heart, as *First*, We thereby greatly disturb our own spirits. *Second*, By it we commit a great deal of evil, so that our spirits are soon put out of frame. *Third*, We feed the humor of reproachers, and make others think we deserve these reproaches that are laid upon us. It is true, we should be more sensible of the wrong done to our name, than of any wrong done to our estates; yet neither are the wrongs done to the one or the other, to be borne passionately.

We must not carry ourselves revengefully under reproaches. To this purpose, saith the apostle, being defamed we entreat. It is unbecoming for deep experienced christians to revile again, and to speak evil for evil.—When Christ was reviled, he reviled not again; and as we profess ourselves to be Christ's, we must not revile again when we are reviled. When Demosthenes was reproached by one, he said, "I will not strive with thee in this kind of fight, in which he that is overcome is the better man."

We must not be hindered in our way, or break off our course of christianity, when we are reproached. What though filth be cast in our way, shall we forsake the way? What though clouds do arise, and darken the light of the sun, doth the sun cease to shine? No! it goeth on in its course, and shineth till the clouds disappear. So you that are shining in a good conscience, go on, and in time you will break through the clouds positively.

We must bear our reproaches wisely. Though we should not be insensible, yet we should not take too much notice of every reproach. Christ himself was silent in this case, so that the rulers wondered. David could say, "They spake mischievous things, but I was a deaf man, and heard them not." But how then shall we stop their

mouths? I answer, let us walk innocently. Innocence will clear all, and overcome all in time. Let us endeavor to be eminent in that which is quite contrary to that we are reproached for. Perhaps we are reproached for covetousness, labor to be eminent for liberality; and in so doing, good and wise things will be done. Perhaps you are reproached for pride; clear up yourselves, not by yielding to their humors, but in continuency of humility, that those who can judge right, may see there is humility in you.

We should bear reproaches patiently. What are we? or what are our names, that we should think much to bear reproaches? Consider! have not others of God's servants, far holier than we are, been under exceeding reproach? Nay, how is God and Christ reproached? How is the name of God slighted? How is the majesty, sovereignty and authority of God contemned in this world? How are the dreadful threatnings of God, and revelation of God's wrath scorned in the world? What reproaches did Christ endure in person and in his preaching? When preaching against covetousness, the Pharisees *scorned* him: this word signifies they blew their noses at him. He was called a devil, a samaritain, a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. They spit in his face, that blessed face of his, that the waves of the sea were afraid of, and that the sun withdrew his light from, as not being fit to behold it. They sat thorns upon his head, and bowed to him in reproach. This argument should, me thinks, move us to bear reproaches patiently. But how should we do it? how should we bear reproaches patiently?

Let us be sure to keep conscience clear; O let not that upbraid us! Let us be careful of what we do, and then we need not be careful of what the world may say. If conscience does not reproach us, the reproach of others will not move us. The testimony of our conscience is far more to us than a thousand slanders against us. The stormy winds without, do not move the earth, but vapours within cause the earthquakes, so all the railing of the sinners in the world cannot much trouble us, if our conscience within do abound with good works. If I can but say with Job, "My heart shall not reproach me as long as I live," I am safe enough from the evil of reproach.

If we are failing in any thing, let us begin with our-

selves before any others begin with us; let us accuse ourselves first. So some interpret that place, "I am wiser than mine enemies;" q. d. Though mine enemies are witty and do plot, and their malice helps on their inventions, yet I am wiser; I can find out the ways of mine own heart, and mine own evils better than mine enemies. Let us exercise ourselves in great things, in the things of God, and Christ, and eternity. Labour to strengthen our spirits in an holy manner, and be above reproach! Surely if our spirits were but truly greatened (I mean not with pride, but with the exercising of our spirits in things that are above the world,) reproaches would be nothing in our eyes. It is a notable expression that John hath against the evil tongue of Diotrephas, "he prates against us with malicious words;" in the original it is, he trifles. Although his words were malicious, and Diotrephas a great man, yet all was but trifles; so high was John's spirit above them.

The sinking of the heart under reproaches, argues too vile a pusillanimity, such a poor low spirit, as is not consistent with the true magnanimity of a true christian.—Make we our moans to God, and lay our case before him, as Hezekiah (when Rabshake came and reviled God and the people of God) he went and spread the letter before God, and made his moan to God. So if we can but do likewise, we shall find unspeakable refreshment to our souls, and that will be a great argument. "*My friends scorn me*," saith Job; "*but mine eyes poured out tears to God.*" "*The mouth of the wicked, and the mouth of the deceitful are open against me: they have spoken against me with lying tongues; but I gave myself to prayer.*"

Get our hearts quietly, and kindly to lament the condition of our reproachers. Their folly should cause us to pity them, to be patient toward them, and to pass by the wrongs they do us. This was one of the arguments that Abigail brought to David to quiet his spirit, when stirred against Nabal, because of his reproaches. "Oh!" said she, "Nabal is his name, and folly is with him. It is his folly, David, and therefore rather pity him. It is too low a thing for such a spirit as thine to be stirred at folly." Indeed, instead of being troubled at reproaches, our spirits should be troubled for their sin. Alas! they sin by

their reproaches and God is angry with them for it.—"Pride, arrogancy and the evil way, and the froward mouth do I hate." Prov. viii. 13. If we have any love, we should think thus; this poor man, what hath he done? he hath brought himself under the hatred of God! Oh, this should mightily affect the hearts of the godly.

3. We must bear reproaches fruitfully. Christians should not think it enough to free themselves from reproach, but they must improve it for good. Considering what ends God aims at by it, and labour to attain those ends. Draw what good instructions we can from the reproaches of others; as thus, when I hear men reproach and revile, *Oh what evil is there secretly in the heart of man, which is not discovered until it have occasion!* Again, *Do I see another so vigilant over me to find out any thing in me to reproach me? how vigilant should I be over myself to find out what is in me to humble me?* Set upon what duty God calls for at the present; *the less credit I have in this world, the more credit let me desire after in heaven; if there be a breach of my name here, let me seek to make up my name in heaven.*

4. We must bear reproaches joyfully and triumphantly. "*We glory in tribulations,*" said the prince of the apostles; "*If I must needs glory, I will glory in things concerning my infirmities.*" By *infirmities* we are not to understand the *infirmities of sin*, but his weakness and evils which he endured for Christ. Therefore, *I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake.* Jerome, upon "*Blessed are you when men shall speak evil of you, and revile you,*" says, "*O who would not be willing to suffer? Who would not wish to be persecuted for righteousness sake? Who would not desire to be reviled? Oh that all unbelievers would persecute me for righeousness sake! I would this foolish world would all rise up against me, to reproach me.*

5. We must return good for evil. This is a sign of great progress in religion: "*If I be weak,*" said one, "*perhaps I may pardon one charging me falsely; but if I have profited, although not altogether perfect, I hold my peace at his reproaches, and answer nothing; but if I am perfect, I then bless him that reviles me,*" according to those of Paul, "being reviled we bless." If we can do

this, if we can heartily pray for our reproachers, and desire good to them, and so *heap coals of fire upon them*: this is a great sign of grace. "Bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you, that ye may be the children of your Father, &c." And wherefore? were they not children before? Yes: but this declares it. Now God owns them for his children indeed.

This is the common fruit of sanctification.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF JOHN H. MOSS.

Written by himself.

ON the 18th day of April, 1799, I came to the city of New-York. I found I was a stranger to all, and being, I thought, as one alone in the world, I began to be tired of myself, for I had been on the roving scale some years, and had but very little to support me, except my own earnings, being so dissatisfied that I could not rest long in one place. This was very much to my disadvantage, for in consequence of it, I found myself in a sad condition, having but few clothes, and neither money nor friends. I now began to think myself in a critical situation, for I never had had the small pox, which now raged considerably in the city, and to which I found myself very much exposed. I hardly knew what to do with myself. I thought of leaving the city immediately, and if I had caught the small pox, I thought I could do better in the country than in the city; for being brought up in the country, I was unacquainted with the customs of the city, and was affraid to go into any house to ask for directions, lest I should get into some house of ill fame. Knowing not what might befall me, I started, and thought I would trust to Providence, but did not know what it meant, for I was a stranger to God and myself. When I got up Broadway, intending to go to kingsbridge, I bethought my-

self I had a cousin somewhere in the city, but to inquire where he lived, would be in vain. I therefore thought I would inquire the way to kingsbridge, and proceed on.

On my way I ventured to inquire for my cousin, and was informed that he was clerk in the English Lutheran Church. It being Sunday, they shewed me the church, and I waited till the congregation was dismissed. When he came out, he happened to see me, and after the usual salutations, he asked me home with him. He inquired of me where I was going—I told him, and the reason why. He told me that I could have the small pox as cheap here as in the country, and that if I would stay, he would go with me on Monday, and find work for me. I did so, for which I have reason to bless and praise God.

The Christmas following, at the same church, while my cousin and me were singing, during the administration of the Lord's Supper, the Lord wrought powerfully upon me, for my eyes were opened, and the scene appeared so solemn that I could not keep from thinking how holy they must be to partake of it, and seeing an unfitness in myself, it caused tears to flow from my eyes, in such abundance, that I could not sing.

I went home with a wounded heart, but it soon wore away, and I was quite easy till after new-year. Shortly after, conscience began to roar, and I found myself burdened in mind, and knew not what the reason was, yet it pressed me sore, and I had no one to open my mind to. I knew not what to do; but something pressed on my mind, that should pray, though I knew not what to pray for; but my conscience was so much disturbed, that it would not be still. At length something seemed to whisper to me, that I should pray to God to forgive my sins. I asked the Lord to help me pray; and it seemed the Lord heard, and lent his aid. While at prayer, the Lord was pleased to open to my mind such parts of scripture as enabled me to pray in such a manner, that it seemed as though the very hair rose on my head. It appeared strange to me, as I never had known the nature of prayer; but the scriptures kept continually unfolding themselves to me, and I saw by them that I was a sinner. The more I prayed the worse I grew, till it seemed there was no mercy for me,

and as though hell was my portion. So time passed away till the latter end of March, 1800, and I got no better, but rather worse; and I kept praying till it seemed as though I must cry amen to my just judgment, and sink into everlasting despair. I lay the whole of one night, praying to God for Christ's sake to pardon my sins. When day-light appeared I rose up, and as I was raising my head from the pillow, these words came into my mind afresh, and with such power, that it seemed as though some one read them to me—"*Arise young man, go thy way thy sins are forgiven thee, go and sin no more.*" I sprang from the bed, and cried—"My God! can this be so? can it be that such a wretch as I am can find pardon." My heart rejoiced, and my soul praised God for her deliverance. I went to work with my hands, while my heart and all my mind was soaring aloft like the eagle, and as happy as I could live.

A few evenings afterwards I went to see one of the neighbors, whom I often visited. The people were Methodists; and as I was talking with the woman of the house concerning religion, and telling her what my opinion was about apostacy, and how firm I thought I stood, she told me that I stood on very poor ground if I went no further, and that it might be well to remember David, Peter, and many others. Well, thought I, if this be the case, I will know, if God will show it to me; not that I wanted to know so as to lose my own soul, but so as to guard against it. But all this time I did not tell her the exercise of my mind, for I was a stranger, and did not belong to any church, and did not know as any body had such exercises as I had. I went home and prayed to God to show me if there was any danger, that I might guard against it, and the Lord was pleased to show me to my satisfaction in a dream. I dreamed that I was walking on a beautiful walk; it appeared to be about fourteen inches wide, and leading over a large gulph, and it was founded on a rock; here I had fine views, and I began to look around me to see what I could see; and immediately the walk began to tremble and shake, so that I had like to have fallen, and if I had, I was sure of being broken to pieces, so I began to take heed to my way, and it became all firm again. I then went on happy till I began to look back

again and be careless, and it began to tremble very much, so that I thought I should fall, and tried to walk steady, but could not, for the more I strove the worse it grew, till I was forced to get down on my hands and knees and creep, and still it shook worse, till I saw that I must fall, and if I did, I was sure to die; but I turned crossways and hung on; but this did not last long, for it shook so bad that my hands began to give way and slip, and just as my hands were letting go to fall, there was a cord erected, so I went down on that, and walked on a sandy beach, with now and then an old log in the way; but I got back again to the place where I started from, and then awoke, and behold it was a dream; but it troubled me much, and I meditated on my dream, and went on with great watchfulness, for I saw that a fall was to be feared.

In about two or three days our work called, and I neglected my duty at noon. After I had been to work a short time, something told me I had neglected my duty. I thought on my dream and felt sorry; but it happened again and again; and from one step to another, till in about one month's time I cared nothing for religion. About this time I got married, and then a former vow came to my recollection. I had promised the Lord many years before, that if ever I got a partner in life, I would set up his worship in my family. I saw my state of declention was great, and that I had lost my first love. I thought on the pleasant hours I had enjoyed when the candle of the Lord shone in me. I wept, and went to the Lord with my trouble, he restored me to his favor. I joined the church in full communion, and have found great happiness in his love more than three years, to the praise of his glorious grace.

John H. Moss was taken ill with the prevailing fever raging in this city, at about eight o'clock, A. M. on the 20th of September, 1803, and died at seven o'clock the same evening. During his illness he manifested an unshaken confidence in God. Once, indeed, for the moment, it seemed that the enemy thurst at him sore. He prayed. His soul was all athirst for entire holiness. God blest him with his reason, and with much assurance of his acceptance with Christ. As soon as he was taken

he said he should not recover. He spent every moment of his illness in prayer and praises to his gracious Redeemer, to the great comfort of his wife and friends.

RELIGION——*AN EXTRACT.*

HOW truly inestimable is the christian religion! It has a most salutary and beneficial influence on our most important temporal concerns and interests. Its beneficent spirit has spread itself through all the different relations and modifications of human society, and communicated its kindly influence to almost every public and private concern of mankind. It has not only purified the administration of justice, but it has insensibly worked itself into the inmost frame and constitution of civil societies. It has given a tinge to the complexion of their governments, and to the temper of their laws. It has softened the reign of despotism, and lessened, in some degree, the horrors of war. It has descended into families—has diminished the pressure of private tyranny, improved every domestic endearment, given tenderness to the parent, humanity to the master, respect to superiors, to inferiors security and ease; and left, in short, the most evident traces of its benevolent spirit, in all the various subordinations, dependencies and connections of social life. What an amazing difference does a divine revelation make in our circumstances! And how inexcusable shall we be, if it does not produce a suitable difference in our conduct! Conscious then, of the dignity and importance of our high and heavenly calling, which renders us candidates for the kingdom of God, and heirs of immortality, let us persevere steadily and uniformly in our progress towards those celestial mansions, which are prepared for all the faithful servants of Christ; where we shall be released from all the endless anxieties, the vain hopes, and causeless fears that now agitate and disquiet us; and shall, through the merits of our Redeemer, be rewarded, not merely with uninterrupted tranquility and repose, not merely with a visionary

posthumus reputation, which commences not till we are incapable of enjoying it; but with a crown of glory that fadeth not away, a real immortality in the kingdom of our Father and our God.

Friend to the Experienced Christian.

POETRY.

PSALM LXXII PARAPHRASED.

FOR Solomon the king, shall God ordain,
Perpetual blessings, and a lasting reign;
Nations to him their choicest gifts shall bring,
His fame the listening realms transported sing:
What time the sun shall keep his lengthen'd race,
Or tributary kings their offerings raise,
Or fervent prayers for him to heaven ascend,
So long his prosperous reign shall never end.
But CHRIST, our Solomon, alone shall gain,
Dominion uncontroul'd, and endless reign.
His wisdom vast, the people shall confess,
Judg'd by his purer law in righteousness.
By him instructed, rulers of the earth,
Shall give to genuine peace, perpetual birth.
The little hills, their righteous tribute join,
Own their great king, and bless his sway divine.
His arm the oppressor's rod shall quickly break;
To him with confidence the poor shall seek:
Their cause from him a willing audit gains;
From off the captive's neck he breaks the chains;
The routed foes his potent victory feel,
Which shakes the falling reign of sin and hell.
Then shall the holy nation thee revere,
Charm'd by thy love, and govern'd by thy fear.
While the bright sun shall gild the radient morn,
Or evening Cynthia fill her silver horn,
Thy universal power, shall all confess,
And own the eternal Sun of Righteousness.
His soften'd sway, shall every bosom feel;

Like the mild rain, his doctrine shall distill;
The gentle precepts, odours sweet shall raise,
As falling showers upon the new-mown grass.
In his blest days the righteous shall increase,
And greatly flourish in abundant peace.
From sea to sea, his influence shall extend,
From earth's fresh rivers, to its furtherest end.
The wilds their rude inhabitants shall bring,
Now the glad subjects of their glorious King.
His trembling foes, shall feel their sentence just,
Before him bow, and prostrate lick the dust.
New-ransom'd monarchs, aw'd by power divine,
(Of Seba fam'd or Tarshish sovereign line,)
Shall sacred gifts of free-will offering raise,
And reverent fall, before their Saviour's face.
All nations shall his gracious sceptre own,
For sov'reign mercy shall his precepts crown,
To him, when needy misery shall appeal,
The humble penitent his grace shall feel.
He, who no helper has, shall truly find
Sure refuge in the Saviour of mankind.
His claim, the needy, confident may bring,
And find redress in Israel's matchless King.
The boasted reign of satan's power is o'er,
And sin shall vex the ransom'd soul no more.
Or should his saints, to violence a prey,
The victims of deceit, confess its sway,
The glorious martys of a suffering Lord,
Shall soon receive a permanent reward.
Their precious blood, before his watchful eye,
Shall rise to view—the shafts of justice fly,
And dreadful deaths the persecutors die.
For him shall Sheba's richest ore be brought;
His willing ear with ceaseless prayer be sought;
Triumphant praises on his name attend,
And his divine dominion have no end.
The fruitful corn on mountain tops shall rise,
Like Lebanon its fruit shall reach the skes.
A springing race, the cities shall adorn,
And sons and daughters for the Lord be born.
His name, (a Saviour) shall all nations bless,
Their Prophet, Priest, and King, and Righteousness.
Hail, Son of David! Heaven's eternal King!
To thee what tribute shall creation bring?
Eternal blessings on thy name attend,
Thou the world's Maker, and the sinner's friend!
Oh King of saints! Thy everlasting might
Alone works wonders in thy people's sight:

Great Parent, great Creator, Deity!
My soul is lost, and swallow'd up in thee!
Let the whole earth thy wond'rous glory own,
All worship reverent at JEHOVAH's throne:
Whilst thou enthron'd in heaven's meridian blaze,
With condescension hear'st thy creature's praise.
Messiah hail! With universal sway,
Reign thou confest—and thee may all obey!
"So be it,"—let creation's realms reply,
"So be it,"—shout the sons of God on high.
Be thou exalted, O omnific Word,
High thron'd Intelligence! Almighty Lord!
Be thou exalted, let my humble voice,
Repeat with echoing myriads,-and rejoice,
While heaven its loudest strains of praise shall join,
To celebrate thy triumph, LOVE DIVINE.

A. MILLER.

APOLOGY.

MY design at first was to have sent an engraving with every number, but on telling one of my friends how unsuccessful I had been in getting likenesses fit to be seen, and the great difficulty of getting such as were most worthy; he told me that engravings were forbid, and that at best they could only please children and novices, and that there could be no information given to an experienced christian by shade and light on a piece of paper. I then changed my mind, and turned it to a portrait of American Ministers of different denominations, believing it to be a source from whence experienced christians may derive much pleasure and information. The semblance which subsists in the experience of christians is such, that in the lives of others we find our own pourtrayed, and consequently feel ourselves more deeply interested in the perusal thereof; and if we find that we have not yet attained to all that holiness which they enjoyed, still, there is a pleasure in hoping to attain it, and a thirsting after it.

EDITOR.